



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

Remember: Alfred Frankenstein's lectures on Bach have moved to the Sunset Auditorium, the room at Pine Inn proving too small for these important events.

And remember this, also: The 8 Miner Mass at Carmel Mission will be broadcast over the NBC national Blue Network from 8 o'clock to 9 o'clock (our time) Sunday evening. The doors to the Mission will positively be closed at 7:50 o'clock and no one will be admitted thereafter.

**WHO'S TO BLAME IN THIS
CARMEL PLAYERS RIFT?**

What is happening; what may happen in the near future to the Carmel Players are matters of deep concern to the people of Carmel. The public which has enjoyed the shows of the past seven months and, too, has shown much concern and pleasure over the apparent economic stability of the organization has been deeply aroused during the past week at the sudden plopping of a fly in the otherwise uncontaminated ointment. It looks very much to the public at large that now, after all, the Carmel Players is to go as all previous Carmel community organizations have gone—to the dogs.

This is particularly a sad state of affairs because of the high plane to which the Carmel Players have reached, both in their economic affairs and in their artistic productions. It is also particularly sad because up to this point there have appeared to be an enthusiastic and cooperative support of the organization by the people at large, and an enthusiastic and unselfish bestowal of time and energy and talent on the part of those who have so willingly and wholeheartedly made up the casts of the successful plays.

The rift in the peaceful blue of the Carmel Players sky, started by a clash of personalities, those of Frank Townsend, the business manager; and Chick McCarthy, the play director, has widened to the point of open hostility between two camps which are battling on the proposition: Which is the more important to an organization of this kind: successful economics or efficient play direction and production.

It would appear on the face that the two are necessary to each other. You can't produce a season of plays

(Continued on Page Two)

**SOME OF LAST WEEK'S BACH FESTIVAL EDITION
FEATURES REPEATED, BEGINNING AT PAGE 7**

We are re-printing this week in The Cymbal several of the articles which appeared in the Bach Festival edition last week. We are doing this principally because the supply of last week's Cymbals, although several times the usual press-run in number, was far inadequate to meet the demand for the paper.

We did, however, print a sufficient number of the Festival section itself, bearing Ben Schaefer's beautiful color design of the great composer, to satisfy what we anticipate will be an increased demand this week. This section will be available with this week's regular edition which will contain several of the re-printed articles.

For instance, this week's paper will actually give you all of the best in last week's relating to the Festival and, too, contain reviews of the concerts of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

It will contain, also, what is a great joy to us in the doing, a re-print of Kathryn Winslow's ineffably lovely "Transfiguration." The enthusiastic reaction to this poem has been beyond our expectations, and, we are sure, beyond those of Kathryn who wrote it especially and solely for our Bach Festival Edition.

—W. K. B.

CARMEL CYMBAL

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5 CENTS

PLAYERS TO TRY TO SETTLE DIFFERENCES AT MEMBERS MEETING NEXT WEDNESDAY

Sebastian Bach Comes to Carmel

By CORNEL LENGVEL

Quietly the season's most refreshing festival is approaching its climax. While wars, fierce and savage, rage without ceasing on the farther shores of the Pacific, here in a peaceful village by the sea music-lovers night after night are privileged to partake of the serene and sublime genius of Johan Sebastian Bach. And what a giant was Bach! Here on the coast, the continent's end and the last outpost of West-European culture, his music—colored by the millennial traditions of Church and Court, yet profoundly free—seems to become eloquent anew, a herald and messenger and interpreter of meanings half-forgotten, half-unknown in the New World.

THE OPENING

Monday night was the night of reverent expectations. We almost tip-toed across the school-yard, while from a kind of belfry overhead the trombone choir blared out its brassy welcome and ushered in the Festival. Visiting strangers and proud natives, dowagers and shuffling gentlemen crowded the Auditorium.

Soon the curtains flapped apart, exposing the orchestra. The orchestra—we must admit our surprise—was composed for the most part of very charming very young ladies and fidgety young men. They were recruited from around the Peninsula, it seems, and from nearby schools and colleges. A handful of professionals was interspersed for seasoning.

Bach whose household in Leipzig and Weimar and Cothens included some 20 sons and daughters besides numerous music students would have been familiar with such a rosy-cheeked group. They began with the D major Overture. Usigli conducted with his customary energy and competence. The group played creditably, though it must be admitted that a

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Dogs of All Nations on Display Sunday at Del Monte Show

Dogs of all nations, from the underslung German dachshund to the stream-lined Irish wolfhound, will be on exhibition at the 15th annual Del Monte Dog Show to be held on the hotel grounds all day Sunday, July 24.

Among the special attractions this year will be an unusually large entry of Doberman Pinschers, according to Miss Marion Kingland, show secretary.

Miss Kingland also reported that the Hollywood film colony is taking more than usual interest in this year's show with Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Erwin, Lionel Atwill, Charles Ruggles, Jacqueline Wells and Patricia Ellis entering dogs in the show.

Among those who have donated trophies are Mr. and Mrs. Henry Potter Russell, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Mitau, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Griffin, Mr. and

Mrs. Thomas Mathews, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Veeder.

Carmel and Pebble Beach exhibitors will include Miss Patty Ball, Cairn Terrier; Miss Audrey Walton, Pomeranian; Miss Helen Towne, English Sheepdog; Mr. George Macbeth, Welsh Terrier; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Andrews, Cairn Terriers, Irish Wolfhound; Miss Sally Holt, Cocker Spaniel; Dr. George Davidson, St. Bernard, and Mrs. Paul Winslow, Cairn Terrier.

Acting on the various committees will be Mrs. Henry Potter Russell, Mrs. Robert Stanton, Mrs. Frances Hudgins, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey Gentry, Mrs. C. Halsted Yates, Mrs. Al Sparks, Mrs. Thomas Mulvin, Miss Virginia Wheeler, Miss Katharine Flint, Mr. Thomas Mathews, Mr. Ed. Converse, Mrs. Margaret Kehr, Mrs. Richard Johnson, Miss Jane Jackson and Miss Helen Heavey.

The order of judging and the judges are as follows:

ORDER OF JUDGING

10:00 A.M.

Ring 1—Mr. Korshin, Boston Terriers, French Bulldogs, and Bulldogs followed by Terriers in catalog order.

Ring 2—Mr. Doll, Toys in catalog order, followed by Non-Sporting dogs with the exception of Boston Terriers, French Bulldogs, Bulldogs and Boxers.

Ring 3—Mr. McCandless, Sporting dogs in catalog order, with the exception of Clumber and Cocker Spaniels, followed by Hounds.

Ring 4—Mr. Staines, Doberman Pinschers.

Ring 5—Mrs. Hilton, Obedience Trials.

2:00 P.M.

Ring 1—Mr. Korshin, Balance of Terriers, Miscellaneous Classes.

Ring 2—Mr. Doll, Cocker Spaniels and Clumber Spaniels.

Ring 3—Mr. McCandless, Balance of Hounds, Mr. Castle, Working Dogs.

Ring 4—Mr. Staines, Doberman Pinschers.

Ring 5—Mrs. Hilton, Balance of Obedience Trials.

3:00 P.M.

Variety Group 1—Sporting Dogs: Mr. McCandless.

" " 2—Hounds: Mr. McCandless.

" " 3—Working Dogs: Mr. Castle.

" " 4—Terriers: Mr. Doll.

" " 5—Toys: Mr. Doll.

" " 6—Non-Sporting Dogs: Mr. Korshin.

Best in Show: Mr. Doll

JUDGES

HUBERT DOLL Union, New Jersey
Clumber Spaniels, Cocker Spaniels, Boxers, Non-Sporting Dogs with exception of Boston Terriers, Bulldogs and French Bulldogs. All Toys, Group 4 and 5

Best Dog in Show

ROBERT McCANDLESS 38 Wall St., New York City
Sporting Dogs with exception of Clumber and Cocker Spaniels. All Hounds. Groups 1 and 2

MATTHEW KORSHIN Media, Penn.
All Terriers, Boston Terriers, Bulldogs and French Bulldogs. Miscellaneous Classes. Group 6

HAROLD CASTLE Honolulu, Hawaii
All Working Dogs with exception of Doberman Pinschers and Boxers. Group 3

GLENN STAINES Detroit, Mich.
Doberman Pinschers

MRS. HOPKINS HILTON Canoga Park, Calif.
Obedience Trials

NEW PASTOR OF COMMUNITY CHURCH EXTENDS WELCOME

The Community Church extends a welcome to members of all denominations and to those who are not affiliated with any religious organization. The minister, Dr. Wilber W. McKee, has no interest in sectarianism. His emphasis is on the science of right thinking and noble living.

On Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, he will speak on the question, "How Does Your Life Look Against the Background of Na-

ture's Beauty?"

A cordial invitation is given to those who are visiting here.

The Church School meets at 9:45 a.m. Howard E. Timbers is the superintendent.

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Doreen Martin from Vancouver, B.C., is in Carmel to stay until the middle of August. She spends part of every summer here.

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Mr. and Mrs. Herbert O'Brien of San Francisco were guests at the Irving Brooke home last week-end.

EFFORTS WILL BE MADE TO ELECT NEW BOARD OF DIRECTORS

What is to happen to the Carmel Players, economically and dramatically successful up to this point, and over a period of seven months, will probably be definitely determined at a general meeting of members called for this coming Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in the Green Room on Casanova street.

At this meeting a new election of directors will be held, action which will automatically end the present season as provided by the constitution of the organization.

The meeting was called by the present board of directors on request by about 75 members of the Players who, at a special meeting last Sunday, voted 39 to 29 for such action. Several members, and three of the directors, did not vote at this meeting.

Last Sunday's meeting was called by the directors to give an account of the events which had precipitated the resignation of Charles "Chick" McCarthy, director of plays for the organization since its inception last winter. McCarthy submitted his resignation, to take effect on July 31, on the ground that he was unable further to work with Frank Townsend, managing director and chairman of the board of directors. Efforts at the special meeting and since to cause McCarthy to change his decision have been unavailing.

It is expected that at the general meeting next Wednesday night, the group supporting McCarthy and opposing Townsend will endeavor to elect a board of directors which will terminate Townsend's position and continue the employment of McCarthy.

It is no secret that the sudden action of McCarthy supporters in demanding last Sunday's meeting was based on the fact that a large majority of the members learned for the first time with McCarthy's resignation that Townsend had been granted a straight salary of \$100 a

(Continued on Page Eleven)

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Virginia Stanton Humane Director

Three babies and a couple of prize dogs apparently don't exhaust all the maternal instincts of Virginia Stanton. She's now taking in wider territory and giving of her time and interest to the pups who are homeless or in trouble all over the Monterey Peninsula. That is, in other words, at the special called meeting of the Humane Society on Monday afternoon, a new member of the board of directors was elected—Mrs. Robert Stanton. At this meeting also the amended articles of incorporation were received which change the society from a stock corporation to a non-profit membership corporation of the usual kind.

without financial peace of mind. You can't produce revenue for the treasury unless you can compel people to a box office with good plays, well played.

We have had good business management, according to the financial statements issued from time to time, and we have certainly had good play productions, the most recent one being a decided hit. That this combination cannot continue is caused by a clash of personalities; the apparent inability of the business manager and the play director to work together. Without cooperation between these two important cogs in the Carmel Players make-up the machinery has gummed up.

THE CYMBAL laments this situation. We view it as a catastrophe in our community life. We sincerely wish that it never had happened. But it has happened. It is a reality. It must be considered on its face.

Ignoring the fact that a certain financial arrangement regarding his remuneration has a tendency to weigh against him, we consider Frank Townsend, the business manager, principally to blame for the present trouble. We admit that Chick McCarthy is temperamental and sensitive, but we are compelled further to admit that most artists are. Experience has shown us that in the theatrical world particularly the great majority of artists are. On Broadway, in Hollywood, the business managers of the legitimate and motion picture stage realize this and they cope with it; not with arrogance, not with domination, but with sympathy and understanding. They are compelled to do so. They know that their own ability to build great theatrical organizations rests in the main on their ability to conciliate and cajole and temporize with the actors and the play producers who in the last analysis create the lines to the box office.

This sort of a capacity we have very great fears Frank Townsend has not and never will have. A good manager, yes, but not the sort of person to deal successfully with the human element that asserts itself in the tools with which he has to work. A good fellow, too, when you're seeing eye to eye with him, but not capable of trimming his sails, or tacking a little, when you don't.

We believe, that at the pay Townsend has been set by the Carmel Players directors, a man who could fill the bill successfully could be found. We believe a man could be found who could not only run the financial side of the players successfully, but who also would have the sympathy and understanding to maintain a workable relation with a man such as Chick McCarthy is—temperamental, sensitive, but withal a most capable play director, compelling the love and unselfish service of those whom he needs to make up the casts of the plays he directs and produces.

—W. K. B.

FREE LECTURE WEDNESDAY ON "BODY BUILDING"

Haldis Stabell, who has been doing unusually successful work in improving the health and happiness of women in this community with her body building methods over the past several years, is giving a free lecture on "Body Building" in Pine Inn next Wednesday evening, July 26. She invites every woman who wishes to improve her physical welfare to be her guest at this lecture.

Guests of the Mission Ranch Club are Mrs. C. A. Shoop of Los Angeles, Miss Natalie Sides of Hollywood and Mrs. John Morris of Brentwood.

'Club des Femmes' Should Be a Sensation

I "caught" the Danielle Darrieux film "Club des Femmes" in Hollywood a few months ago when the name of Darrieux meant little or nothing to the average theatre-goer. Now that her name is on the lips of the majority of entertainment seekers, the Filmarte brings this film to Carmel when Carmel appreciates it most.

Not only is "Club des Femmes" the vehicle which prompted Hollywood to reach out over the Atlantic and grab the petite French miss; it is an elaborately produced film version of a saucy, at times risqué, story of girlish love, the like of which only the French could create.

In America, in the first place, Will Hays and his office would forbid the production of a story like "Club des Femmes." But the working of the Hays' organization has not yet found ways and means of nationally censoring motion picture theatres, for which we are duly thankful.

Surrounded by the most technically perfect and beautifully mounted production technique we have yet seen from the French studios, "Club des Femmes" is the tale of a house full of girls eager for the love and affection which is their natural birthright. Miss Darrieux, being the center of attraction, goes one step farther than the rest of the Girls' Club members, and proceeds to have her baby right in the midst of this "no-man's" land, much to the horror of the matrons. But everything turns out all right when, leaning over the newly-born little one, the head matron says: "Thank goodness, it's a girl!"

The gay, happy, even though slightly dramatic, plot rolls merrily on to a smashing finish, and things work out all right for Danielle and her masquerading boy-friend.

Whatever you do, don't fail to spend an enjoyable evening watching Danielle Darrieux in "Club Des Femmes" when it comes to the Filmarte next Wednesday and Thursday. And, lest you be forced to answer too many embarrassing questions, leave little Junior home, as it is not exactly the type of film we would like to recommend for him.

—LELAND BARRY

Art Institute Fast Passing Dreams

There was never any doubt about Kit Whitman's Carmel Art Institute being a success, but even Kit herself did not think that it would be the tremendous success it is today. The Institute was formed for the purpose of bringing serious students the teaching of outstanding artists and craftsmen, giving them instruction in every branch of arts and crafts.

Classes are now held in figure painting in oils under Armin Hansen, A.N.A., outdoor sketch class under Burton Boundey, water color painting and evening drawing class under Paul Whitman, children's studio and outdoor painting class with Anna Marie Baer, flower arrangement under Marie Hart, woodcarving and design with Charles Marshall Sayers, and book-binding under R. L. Bruckman. In the three months of its life the Institute has become a flourishing organization and classes have doubled themselves. New members have entered each week. With a pleasant place to work and renowned instructors who give personal supervision there is little else a student

"Crime School" Is Here Sunday

Humphrey Bogart and the "Dead End" boys head the cast for the Warner Bros. picture, "Crime School," which comes to the Carmel Theatre this Sunday for a three day run. The picture gives a thorough exposé of the evils of the old reformatory system—still in vogue in some unprogressive communities. It follows the fate of six boys, all typical products of the New York slums, after they have been "sent up" for petty crimes. It is no hopeless picture that "Crime School" presents, because the newer, more modern methods of dealing with wayward boys are shown, too; methods calculated to send the boys out into the world equipped for honest and useful adult lives.

The six "Dead End" boys are Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, Huntz Hall, Leo Gorcey, Bernard Punley and Gabriel Dell. They prove that the success they won in their first screen appearance was no accident, because again their acting is so true to life that the spectator is convinced that they are the boys they seem to be. Others in the cast are Gale Page, a newcomer to the screen; Cy Kendall, Paul Porcasi, Spencer Charters, Henry Offerman, Jr., and Helen MacKellar.

Jane Millis Is A-Hosteling

We would a-hosteling go.

For a letter from Jane Millis, which has found its way into the office has us cycling, freckled and young and gay, off up to the foot of our own Mt. Monadnock; leaving our bike in the bushes and packing the rest of the way to his rocky old pate; ravenously devouring our lunch in the lee of a rock—one of the oldest rocks in the world, by the way, for this hill is of the few survivals of the glacial age, bedrock. And if we look in the right direction and the day is clear, we could see our old New Hampshire farm and our father pinning up his overalls with a tenpenny nail.

Jane bikes 40 miles a day. Or she gets in hay for the farmers near the hostel where she happens to be; or scrubs the floor or does any odd job that comes her way. She says she has pains like growing pains... her legs are getting tough and her face freckled. But she loves it. She loves the people on our home land, "so informal and so natural that we are having the time of our lives... we bike along and talk to other hostellers as if we'd always known them... I'm sitting by a stream and the ants and bugs are having fun."

It's a letter a mother would like to get from a daughter 3000 miles away. All full of health and fun and a tribute of not inconsiderable value to the Youth Hostellers of America.

—I. S.

could desire. The only serious problem at present is the lack of space, one reason why no new classes can be started soon. The Institute is just what Carmel has wanted and needed for some years now which has been proved by the interest and enthusiasm shown over Kit Whitman's idea.

Fan belts that also run the generator should be kept properly adjusted at all times, according to the Emergency Road Service of the California State Automobile Association. A loose belt, may cause low generator output.

Kathryn Winslow Writes Her Absent Impressions of Bach Festival

For the benefit of those in Carmel who have come to know Kathryn Winslow through her work and too-brief presence in our town and who well and steadily prize that acquaintance, we are abstracting from a letter received this morning not only the messages she sent these, but portions that touch so poignantly on our current event that we think they should not go further unsaid.

"Even to unbelievers... such as I... pagans to creed, unorthodox followers... there is brightness over fire in reading what inspired believers wrote and said and knew and after centuries, that truth so shines that persons such as I nourish our meagerness by its bread. Without mystery, but beyond it, we feel it and are moved by its grace. That is the miracle and the Absolute of whatever it is whose spirit continues through the days we live in comprehension.

"... voiceless for prayer... unlearned and unwise... I can not hear all of the multifarious patterns, I can grasp so little... after all. But there is abundance in that little for me. So, knowing as you do, that I am stone and not meadow on which Bach's soft rain falls, know, too, that I am desert and not great sea upon which his torrents pour.

"You see, to people like me who need Frankenstein to explain and people like you who are not pedagogues to listen to for an 'honest man's viewpoint,' and fine musicians to interpret and a Festival believed in and forwarded with the kind of spontaneity and movement which isolated performances and individual, diluted conversational forays can not compensate, the week of intense pursuance is NECESSARY....

"... there is something so real, so truly mirrored, in THE CYMBAL... it is like walking around

the corner on to Ocean avenue... I mean like living there, like being 'on the thoroughfare' again. All the splendid friendliness of people, the differentness of them, their awareness and reaching-for zeal... so well shown in the very existence of the Festival. I don't mean that I think all the merchants rushed to the success of the Festival... they probably didn't... and I don't mean that all the people in Carmel wear the beatitudes like leis... I just mean that when I read THE CYMBAL it made Carmel live for me and would make anybody know enough about the place to appreciate it for its sincerity. A body of people who are able to pay tribute, en masse, in such a startling way... can not help but store up treasure for itself.

"... dust off the imaginary seat beside you at the listening. And say hello to people I know...

"omnia vincit labor

"KATHRYN"

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Mrs. Florence Sharon Brown has returned to Carmel to join the Misses Ellen and Berthe Kleinschmidt in their Hatton Fields home for an indefinite stay.

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A new exhibit will be hung at the Carmel Art Gallery on the first of August. It will be oils in any size and will be hung in the old gallery.

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Mrs. Elsie Statny of Seattle was the guest of John and Mitzi Eaton for a few days last week.

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You can send The Cymbal to friends or relatives anywhere in the United States or its territories or possessions, for One Dollar a Year.

NOW

The chance of a lifetime to acquire rare bargains in Collector's Pieces of American Indian Relics, Basketry and Beadwork. Also available, books on "Ships" and "Seas"

Mary Ackroyd

Dolores Street opposite Carmel Grocery

This Sunday Night

THE SECOND OF THE POPULAR DINNER DANCES AT

Del Monte Lodge

Pebble Beach

featuring the International Dance Team

Pierre and Rennee

AND FREDDIE NAGEL AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Dinner Dance \$2.50
For Those Not Dining
\$1.00 Cover Charge

Interest Centers In Mission Play

Rehearsals are being held each day now for "Rosa de Carmelo," the Mission pageant to be presented August 4, 5, 6 and 7 at the Carmel Mission. The play, written by George Marion, is an idyll of old mission days in three episodes having to do with the dawning of civilization in the Golden West. The interest of the play centers in Romano, an Indian lad, and Carmelita, an Indian maid, who have answered the call of the padres. Their romance as neophytes at the Mission is the story upon which the play is based. The play concludes with a fiesta including dancing, vocal solos and a men's chorus. George Marion told us the whole delightful and symbolic story the other day and it shows every promise of being a fine production. The pageant will present four days of life as it was when Father Junipero Serra and his small band of men retained for Christianity hosts of savage Indians.

Patricia Lee Reynolds will play the role of Carmelita and Romano will be played by Seth Ullman. Others in the cast are Rosalie James as Maria, the penitent seeking the harbor of the Mission; George Marion as Father Junipero Serra; Del Page as Ushi, chief of the tribe and father of Romano; Thelma Miller as Mesha, an oracle; Ross Miller as Rivera y Moncada, commandante at the Presidio; Ted Cator as Kanyi, an Indian warrior; Josephine Durfee as Maria, a neophyte, and Mary McIndoo as Chahita, another neophyte. Tyoni, an Indian warrior, is as yet unassigned.

Spaniards, padres, neophytes, soldiers, Indians, an ensemble of 50 voices and solo work supervised by Madame Borghild Janson and the scene replete with dancing supervised by June Delight will make the production a spectacular event. The production force of the Carmel Players is supervising the production.

An equestrian display on Saturday and Sunday, August 6 and 7, will be held at Del Monte in connection with the pageant.

On the executive committee are Father Michael O'Connell, Frank Shea, Don Staniford, Walter Gadum, Capt. J. A. Murphy, Harry Downie, Capt. Shelburn Robison, James L. Cockburn and John Jordan. Other smaller committees are working on various angles of the pageant.

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CARMEL MUSIC SHOP OPENS ON MONTE VERDE

Carmel now has a music store. The Carmel Music Shop announces its opening in the Sundial Court Building on Monte Verde street, south of Ocean. Dorothy Green Chapman is managing the store and is inviting the public to the exhibition of old violins which will be on display there today and tomorrow. The shop carries a full line of sheet music, musical instruments and supplies, pianos and radios.

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JUDGE ROSS GETS \$52.50 IN TRAFFIC FINES

Fined by Judge George Ross this week were Francis J. Conlan of Pebble Beach, \$30 for reckless driving on San Antonio street; Denman Whitney of Berkeley, \$10 for speeding on San Antonio; Zoe Dettman of Piedmont, \$5 for speeding; and Marjorie Lee Davis of Carmel, \$7.50 for speeding on San Antonio.

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Cymbal Classified Ads Pay—

Alfred Frankenstein Gives Vigorous And Clarifying Exposition of Bach's Orchestral Music

With two orchestral works still on the program—the Overture No. 2 and the Brandenburg Concerto No. IV tomorrow night—the vigorous and clarifying exposition of Bach's orchestral music with which Alfred Frankenstein entertained a capacity audience at Pine Inn on Wednesday, is still most pertinent for our instruction.

"A great water shed from a great range of mountains," Mr. Frankenstein said of Bach. For he stood at a peak where the rich medieval tradition, with its multiplicity of forms and modes upon which to draw, came up to meet him and the world lay out front for invention and re-composition.

In regard to Bach's most immediately important inheritance—Palestrina, who lived just a century before—Mr. Frankenstein drew a brief but illuminating comparison. While Palestrina was almost totally religious in his output, the great capella genius, Bach produced substantially as much secular as religious music: Palestrina, remote and mystic; Bach, dramatic and pictorial. Bach, the master of chorus with instruments and of one feature wholly unknown in Palestrina's time—the solo voice. Bach, who used almost throughout his whole orchestral works, the dance motifs that had come to him from all over the world.

So that Bach was a great inheritor. "We are all inheritors, of course," Mr. Frankenstein said, "and a hundred and fifty years is enough for anyone to inherit." Though Bach lived in small provincial villages all his life—Leipzig was not a great metropolitan center, really—and although he never went outside the sound of his native language, yet everything came to him by reason of his receptiveness and of the great diffusion of the learnings in his time. He was possessor of "innumerable lines of innumerable cultures."

Thus, from Italy came the sonata and violin heritage; from France the suites and orchestral overtures (the same thing, in effect) with their many old and new dance forms; from Germany the Lutheran choral and the organ forms.

Yet, after all, with all the men who had gone before him to compare him with—Bach and Palestrina, Bach and Vivaldi, Bach and so-and-so—Bach was supremely Bach.

So, too, it must be remembered that in his time a man did not create out of a personal need for self-expression. He elected a profession, trained himself thoroughly in that profession and then placed his learning and his talent at the disposal of a prince, a master of some sort, whose property that talent then became. There were no public music halls and, with the exception of the church, music was performed in the small music rooms of the small German courts lying in and around the Thuringian states.

Now, in this set-up there was, of course, no such thing as the orchestra as we have come to think of it. None of the courts in which Bach worked was either large or wealthy. In each a few—three, five—good professional musicians were hired. The remainder of the ensemble was recruited from the servants; a groom who played a flute, a third footman with bassoon.

And here, Mr. Frankenstein says, is the important thing to remember. In using this material, just what he had at hand, the orchestra as he had

it was composed of unequal masses of sound: the solo professionals backgrounded by the amateurs en masse. Thus were set, right from the start, problems that taxed the imagination and inventiveness of the best concertmasters and out of this need for constantly adjusting his compositions to his group, grew some of the most interesting and challenging of the varieties with which Bach treated a single theme. For this year, as Mr. Frankenstein pointed out, there might be a cook who played excellently the horn, so that especial parts were written for that instrument. But next year the same piece would be rewritten for an oboe and two flutes. Then, perhaps two years later the first version would be revived and it is to be presumed that the horn was back in town.

Through all this variation and invention, Bach has been open to attack on the point of his sense of instrumental color. Mr. Frankenstein is convinced that, although he gave few indications of shading himself, it is most probably true that these were already in the tradition. At any rate, in all he wrote is an infinite range of color.

One very pertinent difference in the Vivaldi handling of concerti—concerto derives from an Italian word meaning to compete—is this: Vivaldi gave to his soloists one theme, to his ensemble another, setting them in opposition one to the other. Bach gave the same theme to both soloists and ensemble, working out his problem by marvelously inventive play on that one theme, so that, even with the contrast of opposing sonorities the voices spoke to and not against each other.

The most remarkable examples of this occur in the six concerti, written on order from the Margrave of Brandenburg. In them was no academician simply carrying out an order for six works for the same orchestra. But out of this commission Bach took his material in hand and wrote six concerti for six different orchestras.

The overtures, or suites, are from France. Not much is known of the reason for their being. They are written entirely on dance themes—some obsolete, so that only the traditional form remained even then. In fact, all but the gavotte and the menuet had passed into limbo. They were ballroom dances, principally, and if you had heard the two renditions of one of the Brandenburgs that Mr. Frankenstein gave us by disc, comparing the version of a modern orchestra with one after the manner of Bach's own material, you realize that quality in them—the lightness and dancingness.

In concluding, Mr. Frankenstein quoted Haydn: "I was cut off from the world and therefore I had to be original." Although not shut up in a tower as was this other genius, Bach was forever the solitary, creating from a world within himself; exploring that world as few others have done.

We cannot restrain an impulse to break away from this job of merely reporting and express our enthusiasm for Mr. Frankenstein's erudition, his delivery, his personal convincingness. There are no dull moments. We are hurrying now to the second lecture, with bright anticipation.

Today, in the Sunset School Auditorium, the talk on the Goldberg Variations with two-piano illustrations—described in another place in THE CYMBAL—will begin at 11

o'clock. Tomorrow, in the same place and at the same time, will be the most important of all, the "B Minor Mass" lecture.

—LYNDA SARGENT

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Never use gasoline or kerosene to flush the crankcase of your car because it is almost impossible to remove every trace of these enemies of good lubrication, advises the Emergency Road Service of the California State Automobile Association. A light grade of lubricating oil or regular flushing oil is best.

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DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

That handsome young blade, Fritz McAteer, is spending the week in the village with his master, Gene McAteer, prominent Varsity football player from the University of California. Fritz is a wire-haired terrier and was named after a cow. Gene's mother had a cow named "Fritz" when she was a young girl in Missouri. She had always been a little homesick for the cow, so Gene named his dog in her honor.

Football is Fritz's favorite sport. He loved to go to the games and watch his master play. He made the sport page, himself, the time he stopped the California-Washington game when he ran out on the field and took on the whole Washington team because he saw one of their men tackle his master.

Fritz's hobby is collecting coins. The other day Gene found 35 cents in nickles and dimes in Fritz's bank. He says he is much better than a Piggy bank.

The little wire-hair is enjoying his stay here and hopes to come again some time.

Excitement is running high this week as final preparations are being made for the Del Monte Dog Show on Sunday, July 24.

Among the local socialites who have entered the show are Gwen Murphy, the striking-looking Doberman belonging to Mrs. M. J. Murphy; Topper Holt, the dapper young Cocker owned by Sally Holt; Patrick Flint, man-about-Pebble Beach, Gerry Flint's Dalmatian; and that gay gentleman of the Naughty Nineties, Joe Dean, the Pug who belongs to Mrs. Dean Arnold. The Hollywood contingent will be represented by the canine protégés of Mrs. Jack Oakie, and Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper.

Rumor has it that over 600 dogs have been entered in the show which has become one of the outstanding canine social events of the year.

There are two youngsters who will not be in the show this year because of the fendish humans who brought about their deaths.

One is Gerry drei Eicklin Carter, the magnificent black German Shepherd owned by Elaine Carter, whose hope of carrying off another blue ribbon this year was ended when he succumbed to a heart attack brought on by four poison-

TRANSFIGURATION

The sandal stuff of Junipero was a small sound under the manzanita bush, the burro pace was pillowed in creek song and all the long brown valley land heard the burnt leaves fall from autumn

Now sound is caught dimensional and multiple to sell by the second in wave lengths . . . to bay at stars whose loud burning is less than fogprints on the ear

Listen to the rhythm on the West Coast, the tarantella of clutch and gear, of tire-kiss on macadam, in Frisco, Seattle, L.A. The profane, frenzied journey through alembicated fissures, city-deep, where time is collision into space and speed roars up the slender spine to drop thought, bomblike, on placated, lost belief

Listen to the rhythm on the West Coast, the rivet repetition of timeclock, paycheck, layoff, loan, of picketline, headline, breadline, bone . . . while tin cups reach for stars falling false out of rockets that sear our carnival skies

California came up bellowing, came up out of the tide and rubbed her snout on Monterey. Her salt flanks tarnished the hills, she wallowed in the mud . . . and got fine gold dust in her womb like any mammal whore . . . oh listen to the orator and drop a small coin in the cup beside the young boys' memory stump, the wet-paper pulp of eyes where lead words print inseparable defeat and death by paper shoes and pawnshop, by vagrancy, by US 101 . . . so light the tread, pulse-sequently and always here in the sea-blunted state coiled cold upon the tide, offering grace illicitly

—KATHRYN WINCHELLOW

inga. The other was Ronnie Mulvin, the little Welsh Terrier belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mulvin, who was going to make his debut in this show.

It is tragic indeed that two such splendid young lives should be snuffed out in such a brutal way.

The latest addition to the menage of Linda Rooke-Ley up the valley is Cotton-tail, a pup of uncertain parentage. Linda had her young son, Peter, and two cats named "Floppy" and "Mopsey," so of course there was nothing else to name the puppy but Cotton-tail—the fact that he possessed a very long, very waggly tail had to be overlooked.

However, "Floppy," "Mopsey," Cotton-tail and Peter get along beautifully and have as much fun together as the Rabbit Family ever did.

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The meeting of the Carmel Guild of Craftsmen arranged for July 18 had to be postponed because many of the members wanted to attend the Bach Festival. Now it really will be held, barring some catastrophe, this Monday evening, July 25, in the Marionette Theatre at 8 o'clock.

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We Can't Find Ben And We Grieve

We can't find Ben. Ben Schafer, you know, who did the beautiful cut of Bach for our Festival Edition and so suspiciously well forged the signature. We wanted so much last week to interview Ben, to take him to pieces and discover, if possible, something of the hidden springs from which he draws his gift. Ourselves, we know nothing of that esoteric, thematic invention, and perhaps if we found Ben we wouldn't know any more, for you must know that Ben is not only elusive but he is generally a guy with something mysterious about him. He walks slowly in and out, intent, grave and—we must say it—just perceptibly sinister. His hands are steel; his face a graven image which he might have cut himself, with infinite care on a piece of linoleum. In fact, we don't know a more pertinent example of the fact that we do make our faces. Maybe Ben isn't satisfied with his—he's much too good an artist for that. We like it.

And we wish to thank him, wherever the wandering boy is tonight, for the service he has done with the burgeoning of Sebastian Bach's fugal portrait all along our

main street. After thinking, all we know about Ben is that, if you get him in the mood, he will tell you about his Uncle in West Virginia who killed a man with a gourd. —L. S.

The Mission Ranch Club is a center of activity these days. The swimming pool, badminton and tennis courts are proving very popular, to say nothing of the buffet suppers for members of the Club and their friends. The monthly badminton and club supper held last Wednesday evening, with the tables set for 60, was a great success and Sunday night inaugurated the first of a series of Sunday night buffet suppers held in the tap room. Bridge may be played before and after supper.

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ON THE CARMEL-PACIFIC GROVE HIGHWAY

CLANGING CYMBALS



At the request of a few people who are as eager as we to share the beauties of the Coast Road, we are consenting to the re-printing of the story we published about it in this column a year ago last

May. It seems impossible to us that people should come to Carmel for such purpose as these who are here to listen to the music and not also pay a joyful duty to the ineffably beautiful country lying just south of Carmel, along the horny old feet of the Santa Lucias. In re-printing this story of the making of the road, we therefore hope to tempt a few people to explore its wonders.

Since writing the story we have come to the inconceivable privilege of living there in a great log cabin which was put up by the hands of Sam Trotter, the giant of Partington Canyon, and which stands a thousand feet over the claret sea; and up over another thousand feet is the mountain pate that covers on Mulc Canyon. We have taken this trip almost daily for the last month and each time we stop our car at the end of the journey, we have gathered in it during thirty miles, great luggage of beatitude. —L. S.

Tony had worked on the new road as a runner. A runner, you know, sits up on a steam shovel and bites out the muck from the sides of the Santa Lucias and spits it into the sea, much as a small boy shows how he can eat dirt. Tony said he could tell us stories about the road. This is pretty good so-called stories.

When we started off down the coast with him, we felt a two-fold loyalty. A sense that, in going out to greet this peer among the highways of the world, we should also be, in our heart, bidding good-bye to an age in California. For the new road that cuts along the high cliffs there, and is the incredible dream and wonder of all, seems to us like a great rope thrown around the horns of one of the last of the free lands. Like an intolerable bondage where no bondage was.

For the Old Road lay along the breast of the Santa Lucias like an old gopher snake, sunning. He hadn't any particular place to go. If he stopped now and then at the crest of a hill to turn himself around once like any wise old beast before lying down, that was the way of the life there. He lay where the land lay, comfortably. Few bothered him.

Long ago, Charlie Vink, the Baron from Holland, who saw him in a haze, courteously; now and then old Victorino, with the far light of Fayal still in his eyes. Under the sloughing tread of the heavy cattle, going down to salty pasture, the Road lay willingly; and even big Molera from down yonder at El Sur, tipping twenty-one stone odd and riding giant horses with cathedral trappings, gave to the Road, swaying as he did from side to side, only a slight and pleasant vertigo. Sometimes at morning, the young mares clipped his shoulders, with sharp stallion hooves behind. But these marks, which were not really wounds, were fondled by the coyote's paw at evening, or the great slow-footed cat is dead of night.

Yes. On the whole it was a pleasant life for the Road, with drops of wine and laughter and the tra-

gedy of home-lost feet. Even in the absence of such bipedalities, life was never dull. For the weather plays with no feeble toys along the west flanks of the Santa Lucias, but sets forth great winds to scan their beaten sides, or loose blazing sun from unguessed inferno of sun. In winter the Road married rain and in ecstasy forgot that he was road, so that dissolution came and intermittent deaths. Men curled along his sloughs; and horses, thrusting in their hooves, found him no willing servant to their feet.

But, come April, he gave himself up, satisfied, to the ministrations of the sun and old Bixby, the county road agent and over the hills from Carmel and Monterey, across Malpaso Creek, past Soberanes and the Garapata, came the stage. The sea cows swam to Lobos, saluting him. Grim Woodfin issued from his canyon, and the Murrays from Palo Colorado to test out his new shoulders with sharp wagon rime. And down at the Molera Ranch the dainty feet of high-stepping peacocks passed and tickled his belly with their dragging tails.

He was sufficient then, though men railed at him. He was the Road.

A coyote, with one sharply lifted foot watched us from a farmyard above Point Sur. The hills grow cold, even now, in May; adumbrating their summer coats of tawny. Looking up the gorges is suddenly like grandmother's stereopticon views, too far, too lifelike; greasy, greatly beautiful. Out at sea, an old freighter slipped up to San Francisco.

Passing beyond Carmel, on the new road which was begun ten years ago with convict labor down at Pfeiffer's place, beyond the sanctuary of the Carmelite ruins, and oft-shrouded ancient Point Lobos, you come presently over a hill against the world of mountain and sea. When we went down the other day, the yellow lupin was in bloom and one whole mountain copper-red with Indian Paintbrush. High noon, it was, and the Santa Lucias sharp-breasted in the sun, like peasant women with their arms akimbo, gossiping over their gorges. The sea at aquamarine peace along the rocky trails of the tide. Up the bright face of Granite Canyon, that empties down from Palo Corona, where California rode her roan stallion in the moonlight, the lazy Herefords stood, blank-faced, toward the sea. On the bare sides of the cuts where the road goes through, bouquets of poppies grow as if stuck there by children or wantons.

Getting up toward Bixby's Creek, where the crescent bridge throws over a beach three hundred feet below, Tony said, I used to see this old man down here patrolling his beach for hours at a time. A bathing suit and a six-shooter he wore.

Outside, a whale spouted at Tony and we climbed toward Hurricane Point, up where, since only the older gods know when, sand has been leaping the cliff and piling its small Sahara at the foot of Pico Blanco. Tony said it took a year to build that strip of road—that three hundred yards or so, at which the engineers still wearily shake their heads. For the men would go to bed at night with a small stretch cleared for filling next day, only to find, in the morning, that the

sand had moved quietly in again. A coyote, with one sharply lifted foot, watched us from a farmyard above Point Sur.

At the lighthouse, Tony told of a convict crew sent out to salvage a ship. They salvaged, first, a jug of rum. When that was most thoroughly salvaged, they looked about for other likely loot. There was a bath tub. One of those incredible bathtubs which you find on boats—so big you can never quite get set in it. Now the Boss was a big man, and the cons loved the Boss. With alcohol, they not only loved the Boss, but they tearfully wished him to have a bath. So they salvaged the bath tub. They even got in it and started to row home.

At Juan Higuera Creek is a hole in the ground—just visible now—known to the road men as Rigger's Hole. On Saturdays, Rigger went to Monterey. On Monday morning, the gang got up from breakfast, and before going to work, took some tackle and pulled Rigger and his car out of the hole. He never quite made it.

It is down by Pfeiffer's where the big trees begin, that the new road turns contemptuous. We remember when the old Road went softly among their feet, feeling around them with loving reverence. Their beauty is aloof from the new road, hurrying by at a little distance. The way to see a redwood tree is to lie at its feet, face up. Their majesty is still there, but it seems to us a little ghostly now, along with Molera's vanished peacocks and Pfeiffer's lost herd of goats.

Beyond Pfeiffer's the new road is really new. You climb the hill where old man Pfeiffer used to walk his cattle three at a time, and come to the place where the Santa Lucias make no compromise with man at all, but drop down into the Pacific as if God Himself had let them down by a plummet line. Here, all the beauty that has gone before is added up to grandeur and a strange fierceness; here the white foam sips at pebbles a thousand feet below. And it is here that man has taken innocent looking sticks and shoved them into holes and brought the haughty mountain fellows crumbling to his feet. Wonderful man! Wonderful bits of glycerine! When you have bowed your heads before this treachery and asked pardon; when you have served more years at hardest labor and expiated more crimes; when a few lives have been lost because men will continue to stout you; then the thunder of your agony will have become as indifferent as those stones that fall, and then lie fallen.

Here the convicts are at work; you can tell them by their coats with no pockets. Here you will get in the way of a bulldozer or run afoul of the S.F.—Civil Engineers—at their tripods; possibly Lee, the Belly Robber, will put a small rattlesnake into your car, as he did into ours; here you will see the candy wagon on its way to San Quentin for more men and some sweets.

You will also, if you are lucky, meet Albertson here. Albertson, the boss, whose name strikes joy and terror to the road men all along the coast and behind whose pleasant smile and gentle voice, you see the reflections of many men and his knowledge of them. On a proposition like this, you have to come right down to cases. You cannot always, in this life, we realized, fondle the stem of a cocktail glass and hide your soul behind an olive.

Here, too, the cons were at work together with the free men on a

retaining wall. Ten feet wide at the base. Stone upon stone, until the highway is safe and the parole boards satisfied. We cannot but think that being on their honor here, working out where that blue ocean commutes against the mountain feet, will add a cubit to their height.

Just here, where the free men's camp is and bungalows built on the cliff drip with bright flowers, and the mountain still spits out a little blood, the wife of one of the men started to have her baby one night. It was in the spring of 1932 just after the big rains, and the road was blocked everywhere with slides. She was rather a frail little girl and they were afraid she would die if she didn't get to a hospital. Word went, quicker than news of a break, around the free camp and over into the convicts' camp. The night came to life. Men broke in and got armfuls of dynamite. They ran along, heedless, placing sticks of dynamite on rocks and setting fire to them. The cons worked hardest of all. A woman having a baby! Hard remembered dreams must have stirred in them, for in the space of hours they broke the beast of muck and rock in two and laid the road open to the Community Hospital.

At the prison camp, we saw no strangeness. Their gray, clean bunkhouses; the candy stick at the barber shop; the bath house and mess hall, are all open to the great wide beautiful world around. A man was quietly fussing with petunias, still waters beneath and mobile hills up back. Here a man can serve a three-year sentence in two years. He can walk to the bend, but not beyond. In the mess hall, only a rail separates him from the free men. He has magazines and a radio. He is only counted three times a day. If he walks beyond the bend; or is not in bed when the lights go out; then, a pair of handcuffs await him. Tony says they learn; that the trouble is, they didn't get a good talking-to in time, that's all.

Oh, well. Some day they may travel their own road free. The most beautiful road in the world. There is no reason to call it the American Riviera. It is not like the Riviera, really. If the aquamarine at the water's edge is reminiscent of the Mediterranean, the hills of California are sui generis. Coming back silently among them, we knew there was nowhere just this loveliness. Their darkening bodies lay open and sensuous to the dusk. Thunder had come into the waters and tall lady sprays flirted with the land. The spell of the road had come over us, and we shall long, long remember her voice.

As dark closed, we thought of the one man to whom the new road—though a mighty achievement in engineering and a way of beauty for the multitude—must come as a sad bondage to his land. Robinson Jeffers. And feeling the fierce, secret ways of his people of the Sur close about us with the night, we thought of Onorio Vasquez, the seer of visions, of the Reverend Dr. Barclay, flinging red coals with his bare hands, and preaching on the wind-swept mountain to the swaying horns of cattle. Of the women of Big Sur, Myrtle Cartwright and Tamar and California, bereft of their lusty living and pushed back by gasoline and glycerine to the last fastnesses of legend and memory.

No matter how the new road grows in power and place, for us they will always be there on the canyon tops, thrusting their sullen, unspent eyes against the myriad tomorrows; for us the old Road will

forever lie along the breasts of the Santa Lucias, like an old gopher snake, sunning.

—LYNDA SARGENT

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OUR COUNTY

by Tom Dorney



Monterey County is a community of over 70,000 people who are engaged in a variety of interests and occupations. But there is one interest all County residents have in common. That is Good Government.

Remember that a wise voter is a thoughtful one. The consequence of wise voting is Good Government. Think before you vote!

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Well, it's still Bach Festival week and this is still a column devoted to food. So what? I've been thinking about whether it would be a good idea to try to make a connection between the two subjects but the more I reflect upon it the less I seem to feel inspired to anything of the sort.

Somebody kindly suggested that I might "snoop around" among the visiting musicians and find out things about them and food; such as, I suppose, their favorite dish, whether they like to cook, how they like Carmel food, or whether they eat at all, and if so, when, where, how and what? . . . At first thought it seemed a fairly good suggestion. At second thought, when I realized what an amount of time it would take, it seemed less attractive. At third thought, wondering if after all anybody would really be interested in the facts that might be brought to light, it appeared definitely not so hot. At fourth thought, it occurred to me, rather belatedly, that the musicians might not care to be "regarded in that bony light." And finally, bringing still more profound thought to bear, I discovered that I positively preferred not to know anything so prosaic and earthy in connection with the charming people who have come here to make beautiful music. They should forever after remain in memory as pure melody, gracious bearers of musical gifts—not as ordinary mortals expressing preferences for onions or aversions to carrots.

I do not go so far in this matter, however, as in my own private theory about poets, which is an old and cherished belief with me. Poets, unlike those good children of the past, should be heard but never seen! A true poet (forgive my presumption in thus boldly making statements about a subject on which I am quite obviously far from any authority) should be only the medium through which some pure disembodied spirit finds expression. The earthly frame of the poet, his physical contact with this earth, in other words, a knowledge of the way he, or she, looks, talks, eats and acts in the daily round of living, adds absolutely nothing to the enjoyment of the person reading a poem by that writer. This, at least, is how I see it. I wish to read a poem for itself only, for the beauty and the thought which are expressed in just those particular words, those particular lines which combine to make it worthy to be called a poem. I should like a poet to be kin to Shelley's skylark—"What thou art we know not"; and "like an unbodied joy" to soar so far aloft that only his entrancing melody is heard—"Like a star of heaven in the broad daylight Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill Amy Lowell. She probably couldn't help weighing 200 pounds and looking the epitome of her native Boston where "Lowells speak only to Cabots, and Cabots speak only to God," and she might have smoked a pipe instead of the alleged cigar, for all I care—but seeing her picture adds nothing to my pleasure in her poetry, some of which is full of color and charm.

We know too much about poets,

for their own good as well as ours. If they can't be kept entirely separate . . .

A number of years ago, when Carmel was smaller and simpler, I had the interesting experience of clerking in the Seven Arts bookshop during the *Helena Now-Better-Later* era. One day a woman came into the shop and asked for a certain book of very charming verses. Oh, why couldn't she have taken away the volume without telling me she was its author? Never, since then, have I read her poems with the same unadulterated pleasure; always, especially in the really tender and human poems of love and passion, so intimately personal, there comes between me and the printed page a vivid memory of that unromantic figure. I do not mean to be unkind, but if a poet has the face, shape and general appearance of the type which used to be described as looking like "somebody's cook," why can't she be content to have written something far lovelier than her outward self and remain incognito? . . . And take care from their works they should at least be remote and aloof enough to surround themselves with a certain mystery, an aura setting them apart from the common herd, so that when we pore over their works we are not distracted by jarring mental images distorting the clear vision of the beauty of the phrases before us. . . . Of course, I hasten to remark humbly that I don't claim to know all the poets in existence—fortunately for me, since I get the purest enjoyment from those poems whose authors are still "hidden in the light of thought." I make two exceptions in my belief: since the day some 13 years ago when I first saw Robinson Jeffers silhouetted against the sunset sky as he worked on the building of his stone tower by the sea I have always felt that he is for me the only really satisfactory poet in the flesh. Both simplicity and grandeur quite in harmony with his spirit's creations are expressed in his looks and his life. . . . The other exception is just an arbitrary personal concession to myself, not to be granted to the general public. I refer to our own Kathryn Winslow, whose chubby face and wide, sweet smile are not at all my idea of how a lady poet should look but are nevertheless most pleasant features for a friend. They seem to have no connection at all with her amazingly fine writing. . . .

In my college days I knew a budding poet, a girl who came fairly close to looking the part of one inspired by the muse. She managed somehow to wear the right sort of clothes, whatever those may be, and to float about with the proper ethereal look in her dreamy eyes, as if she moved in an unseen company of spirits. The fact that she tried to commit suicide only added color and romance to the character she assumed. She has never become more than a very minor poet, so it isn't important, of course, but I never see her name without remembering how she used to carry on her finger along the bare, unromantic corridors of the dormitory a little bird which she called "Onono Ca-

meeche" . . . The rest of the girls spoke of it simply and derisively as "O yes yes God's screacher!"

How's that again? Did somebody mention the fact that I started out by saying this is a column devoted to food? Why yes, where were we? Perhaps I had better end on a more pertinent plane. I picked up just now that fascinating little book I told you about a few weeks ago, "Adventures in Good Eating," thinking I would select a couple of particularly alluring places to quote from it. But as usual I found myself traveling along from state to state, always discovering another stop just a little more tempting than the one before it, and finally ending in absolute despair of settling in any one dining room! Every time I look at it I am impressed all over again with the way Mr. Hines, and his western helper, Mr. Gibbs, have succeeded in varying their descriptions. You would think it hardly possible to keep a book of this type, which is simply a directory of super-excellent eating places, from becoming monotonous reading full of repetition and stereotyped phrasing. Not so at all. It is lively, entertaining and so cleverly worded that you can keep right on with nearly as much sustained interest as if it were a travel book in the form of continuous narrative. It's quite obvious that it was a lot of fun writing this book!

—CONSTANT EATER

Marguerite Tickle of Carmel Highlands and Grace Rudolph of Pacific Grove will sail next Friday on the *Matsonia* for Honolulu where they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gwynne Austin for several months.

Swell Dance Team At Del Monte

Pierre and Rennee, the internationally known dance team, made their debut last night in Del Monte's Bali Room where they are fulfilling a limited engagement with Freddie Nagel and his orchestra.

Their presentation was marked by the tricky spins and whirlwind turns which they injected into their routines, and by their original presentation of the *Cosmopolitan*, an interpretation of the evolution of the dance from the Minuet to the modern Bolero.

Eastern reviewers, at a loss to describe their unique style, dubbed them "ballroomologists" during their recent tour, which included most of the principal cities in the country.

They will appear tonight and tomorrow night in the Bali Room and on Sunday at the second of the season's dinner dances at Del Monte Lodge.

+++

Nadine Fox has set August 14 as the date for her marriage to Leland Drew Adams, Jr., of San Francisco. They will be married at a 4 o'clock ceremony at Del Monte Chapel and Miss Fox's attendants

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LABOR OF LOVE AND DILIGENCE MANIFEST IN PARTICIPANTS IN CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

We have spent days and days—and it's been fun, too—gathering together the stuff about our Festival soloists, making certain we got them in the right key, attached to the right voice or instrument, credited with the correct jobs and we've tried mighty hard to give each the especial due that is his. And all this time we have been going to rehearsals, watching the chorus and the orchestra at work and thinking how hard it is going to be to allot sufficient-praise (and space) to the men and women who make up this bulwark to any program of Bach's music. Thinking how he, too, struggled along with small straggling groups and how in the

end they made his music come to life.

Repentantly, we cannot give even a word to many of the participants who have labored diligently and made temporary Festival widows of their mates at home. We meet them on the streets as we go about our little daily devoirs. Perhaps our favorite, because we know him best, is Joe Clague, up there with the basses, who cuts the liver for Sir Thomas, our cat, and our solitary chop. There is our erstwhile mayor, Everett Smith, who stands guardian to all the regal trees that condescend to the Del Monte Hotel. Betty Lamson, whom we see most often at meetings of the

League of Women Voters, so businesslike. Camilla Daniels with the big smile, coming around the corner on to Ocean Avenue, carrying her head a little to one side. Pauline Timbers, one of our CYMBAL wives, slyly carrying a fine alto voice with her modesty. Glenna Peck, bless her friendly heart. Edith Anderson, from her unendurably lovely cottage down by Tor House. These few we know. More than likely, we speak to others but haven't yet, not being an old-timer, put their names together with their faces.

But there is nothing more pleasing and slightly exciting to us about the whole Festival than to know that they are all about us. It is truly like going to Oberammergau, where you guess who is Pilate and if this may be, in truth, Judas; yonder tall lad at the plow, a centurion perchance; this, the Magdalen.

To all we make our small obeisance, feeling that all, in the spirit of the Kapellmeister, are doing what is set for them to do, and, like even him, seeing momentarily farther than they can reach.

In the orchestra, there will be, at the head of the viola section, Herbert Van den Berg, first viola of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra; Virginia Short from Stockton, one of the few young women conductors of great promise; Frances Karon, of Berkeley, pupil of Michel Piatro and co-player with Doris Ballard on the Thursday night program; Bette McClintock from Alameda, concert master of Wilhelm Van den Berg's San Francisco preparatory orchestra; Marjory Currell, competent young student of viola and violin from San Jose; Maurine Cornell, cellist with the San Jose Civic Orchestra; Mildred Springer, who is concert master of the Federal Symphony Orchestra of Sacramento; Valona Brewer, leading Carmel violinist and charter member of the Carmel Festival Orchestra; Leonard Cooper, colored, violinist of unusual talent who also composes successfully, paints creditably and publishes excellent verse in leading magazines; Parker Hall, resident now in Carmel, who has played for many years with the Bohemians; Jean Crouch, also of our own, in whom there is maturing a 'cellist of outstanding calibre; Hugo Rinaldi, gifted violinist from San Rafael, whose third year with the Festival increases his conviction of its permanence.

Only last night Miha Meyer, of age, fifteen, came in and wanted to play the violin. He will. He is concert master of the Junior Symphony Orchestra of San Francisco.

From the Summer School for Music at Pacific Grove, the Festival has fine cooperation. Not only do we get a guest conductor in the person of Sascha Jacobinoff, who is orchestra director at the school, but in the Festival orchestra there are: Harold Bartlett, tympani; Kenneth Dodson, bassoon; David Powell, double bass, and Sylvain Bernstein, violin.

Alfred Regeth has this minute come to town as clarinetist for this year and Hoyle Carpenter as oboist.

The chorus is also augmented noticeably by the addition of men and women who come to Carmel for the love of the thing. Here we have Lesley Dunning Somers from Berkeley, whose voice is a familiar one on the northwest coast; Helen Oyler Locatelli, student of Hoffmeister in New York and member of the Brahms Musical Society there; Elizabeth Lamson of Salinas, who has sung both the Mass and the Magnificat with the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Boston Phil-

harmonic; Emil Miland, the well-known tenor; Jean Schelbach, lovely lyric soprano voice, who will sing in the Quintet of the Mass.

It is needless to guess how much these people will be repaid for their devotion and hard work by the experience and privilege of being directed by Uigili; by the earned increment to their own lives. Herein we pay such tribute to them as we can, if not as much as we should like.

—LYNDA SARGENT

LECTURE ON FLOWERS GIVEN AT HOTEL DEL MONTE

Under the auspices of the Carmel Art Institute, Marie Harte gave the first of two lectures on flower arrangement in Hotel Del Monte's Copper Cup Room Wednesday afternoon. Those attending brought their own flowers and containers in order to obtain practical criticism of their work from Miss Harte. She is a graduate of the California School of Fine Arts and for the past six years has lectured at many clubs and universities. The second lecture will be held on Wednesday afternoon, August 3, from 3 to 5 o'clock. Tea will be served afterwards in the lounge to those attending the lecture.

Cymbal Classified Ads Pay—

R. G. Wagenet, director of the Bureau of Unemployment Compensation of the Federal Social Security Board, and his son, Gordon, of Washington, D.C., and John Harmon of Rochester, N.Y., were in Carmel last Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roth. They left Monday morning for a month's pack trip to the High Sierras.



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THE BRILLIANCE AND PATIENCE OF DENE DENNY AND HAZEL WATROUS ARE FRUITED IN THIS ACHIEVEMENT

With the Carmel Bach Festival rounding the corner this season to come in full view of assured long life and crescent success, it is time to pay full tribute to the two women whose vision and patience and hard work have at last become fruited with achievement—to Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous. Through their continuous and often hazardous effort over a number of years to maintain the highest standard of artistic performance in whatever they have done they have now accomplished something that bids fair to outrun their best hopes. Into this accomplishment they have put many uncommon virtues, which, it is pleasant to discover, have not been their own sole reward.

In 1922, Miss Denny and Miss Watrous came to Carmel. They intended then to rest a little from a busy season in San Francisco and go on to New York. An unusual community of interests had brought these two diverse artists together and they were eager to try out new fields in which they might enslave their joint gifts. Miss Watrous, who had studied design at Pratt Institute and at Columbia, had also been a pupil of Piazzoni and gave great promise as a portrait painter. Instead of pursuing this career, she had elected to teach, and for some time had been Supervisor of Art for the Alameda schools, supplementing her work with beautiful pieces done at her easel. Although never an architect in the technical sense, she busied herself while in Carmel with designing a house for her mother and suddenly found herself in great demand in this capacity. The opportunity to add structured charm to the natural loveliness of the setting invited her interest from house to house until she had designed 36 and had become a person of Carmel. On one of her houses she put a red roof, offsetting thus the variations of green in tree and chaparral and contending with the lightning blue of the jays. People came from far and near and gazed at what these modernists were up to.

For they were modernists. While Miss Watrous was busy architecting, the six weeks had quite overrun themselves and Miss Denny had become engrossed in making programs of modern music for the piano and traveling about the state executing them. Herself an artist of distinction, a pupil of Wager Swayne, Miss Denny was shortly after to give the first program of modern piano music ever given in the West. She was first in America to play the Schoenberg Op. 23. In San Francisco she had attracted much attention to her work.

Add to piano and painting, the drama. While they were making the first beginnings of the concert series for which they later became nationally known, they leased the Theatre of The Golden Bough and produced 18 plays, more or less contemporary: "The Emperor Jones,"

"Ghosts," "Liliom," to name a few. Not only their selection but the best tradition in workshop production contributed further to enhance the artistic validity of the sponsors and to demonstrate their versatility. It is well known that it was at the famous Denny-Watrous Gallery on Dolores street that one of the first productions of "The Drunkard," with a practically all-Carmel cast, began its jocular and still exuberant career.

Last year the First Theater in California, established in Monterey in the last midcentury, and hitherto used only as a somewhat crumpled and neglected museum, was renovated for the purpose of presenting there such plays as are consistent with the traditions of the old building. Miss Denny and Miss Watrous have, since a year ago in June, successfully and uproariously produced three: "Tatters, the Pet of Squatter's Gulch"; "In the Shadow of the Rockies," and "The Forty-niner, or Saved from Sin." Executed in the best and funniest reading of the old melodrama, these ventures have attracted state-wide attention and approbation. Recently a straight version of "East Lynne" brought to life here on the Monterey Peninsula a picture not untinged with nostalgia of the exquisite life of the '60s. But the melodrama has a wider appeal and it is hoped that this type of thing will be repeated at intervals for a long time to come. In the casting and production of these pieces, local talent has been exclusively used and an unmitigated standard of correctness and fine taste has been manifested.

But, as successful and amusing as their forays into other territories have been, it is in the field of music and music production that Miss Denny and Miss Watrous have made their peculiar contribution. Bringing the best artists in the world to Carmel, the little Gallery was thrown wide to open rehearsal, marking another now much-imitated venture into musical life. Here people gathered to listen to the best; to speak of the best; to indulge in the kind of human intercourse which has made a few small towns in the world great. Such nights, for instance, as that when Stravinsky's "L'Histoire d'un Soldat," interpreted by Nicolas Sloninsky, was played for an audience that had so varying a character as to contain Lincoln Steffens and Elizabeth Rethberg: nights when the intimacy of the performance called for the comfort of the big studio on Dolores street, rather than the Gallery, and the talk and the coffee went on and on. Nights when the first rather febrile voices of the embryonic Monterey Peninsula Orchestra could be heard wailing up

and down the avenue by any citizen going for the last mail.

The story of how the Carmel Bach Festival grew is printed elsewhere in this issue of THE CYMBAL. At the time of this writing, the Festival is in rehearsal—open rehearsal—for its fourth season. There is no doubt whatever that the orchestra and chorus have gained tremendously—decisively—over former performances in body of their work, in maturity of technique, and what is so much more vital than anything else, in understanding of the language Bach spoke. There is an almost bitter intensity in their efforts; a conviction which carries convincingness. In large part, Miss Denny and Miss Watrous are also responsible for this. One conductor can do it. But they have had various conductors, all working, to be sure, to the same good end. But it is, rather, what is expected of them by the women who are sponsoring them, that animates all the performers throughout the year to prepare for the event. The young chap who was found sitting on the steps of the Dolores street studio, waiting for summer to come, is only one illustration of this.

To those who live in Carmel and have a part in its valid artistic life, Miss Watrous and Miss Denny are Hazel and Dene. Both are beautiful women; both women of great charm. Their several distinctions are so exactly complementary that the double light in which they have seen their ideal come to maturity has been a true and constant focus on the common vision. No stature to which the Carmel Bach Festival could grow in the world of noteworthy achievement could outdistance the perceiving of the two women whose work it is. —L. S.

+ + +

CUB SCOUTS ARE TAKEN ON JAUNT TO SALINAS RODEO

Through the courtesy of the Rodeo Association a group of Carmel Cub Scouts accompanied by several adults attended the events at Salinas last Thursday. The Cubs included Hans Sappok, Earl Stanley, James Greenan, Oliver Bassett, Rickey Masten, Jerry Shepherd, Donald Koepp, Eric Leffingwell, Milton Thompson, James Heisinger, George Acherton, Earl Walls, Don Appleton, Bill Conlon, Tommy Hedding, George Moller, Martin Katz, Bill Wishart and Bill Briner.

The adults were Franklin Dixon, commissioner; Walter Gaddum and William Nyé, councilmen; Robert Gutski and Al Hoffman, aides and den chiefs were Bob Holm and Jim Handley.

Joe Catherwood, leader of the Cub pack, directed the excursion.

+ + +

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La Playa Robbed By Amateurs

Three nervous young men entered the lobby of La Playa Hotel shortly before midnight on Sunday with robbery as their objective. In spite of all their efforts the bandits escaped with less than 50 cents apiece, taken from the stamp box. The three were masked and one was armed with a pistol with which he covered E. H. Price, the night clerk. Having bound Price's wrists with adhesive tape, the boys, who were apparently between 20 and 25 years of age, put aside the clerk's cash box containing about \$10. They went through all the drawers of the desk and then demanded that Price open the safe. Price did not know the combination and the three were unsuccessful in opening it themselves. In their nervousness and haste the boys finally hastened out the door with the stamp box overlooking the cash box completely. Price freed himself and called Fred Godwin, proprietor, who got in touch with the police.

It is believed that the bandits were amateurs as they left all the lights on in the lobby, forgot the cash box and did not threaten Price when he did not open the safe.

+ + +

SUNSET BADMINTON TENNIS PLAY HOURS CHANGED

Because of increased attendance of participants in badminton and table tennis at Sunset School gymnasium, hours for practice and play have been changed to: 10 a.m. to 12 noon and from 1 p.m. to 6 p.m.

Tournaments are now under way in the above-named games and everybody is invited to attend or participate. Beginners will find able instructors who are ever ready to help in the fine points of the games.

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The Carmel Cymbal

NOEL SULLIVAN



The musical life of California is informed and magnified, and much of it only made possible, by the person and through the interest of Noel Sullivan. This is neither the time nor the place to try to put into adequate words appreciation for the vital concern and unfailing cooperation with which this distinguished patron of all those things we call the best in life endows and encourages such activities as the Carmel Bach Festival. It is a tribute to the enterprise that his in-

terest in it is continuous.

One of our cherished memories of former Festivals is Mr. Sullivan's singing of the sacred songs. He gives more in them than the service of his beautiful bass voice; he tends to his audience a glimpse of the occult divinations of him who wrote them. On the Thursday evening concert this year Mr. Sullivan sang the *Bist du bei mir and*, from the Pfingst cantata, *Mein Glaubiges Herz*.

SHOP TALK

For years I've had a passionate desire to own a glass paper weight. One day I saw one in a shop window on Charles street in Boston. I suddenly remembered that I had known a similar one in my youth. No one in my family remembered it, but I do. I remember holding it in my hands and tipping it gently, over and back. The snow would float in the crystal air and fall softly on the little houses, and on the church, in that tidy and secure village.

Last summer I drove east with Mrs. Comins. We made very good time until we began to see the word 'Antiques' scattered here and there over the countryside. Each time we saw it, we'd stop. If the place harbored a paper weight, I'd get out, too. In Burlington, Iowa, I saw a marvelous collection, although there wasn't a snowstorm among it. The prices ranged from \$40 to \$500.

And then, the other day, I saw some in the window of Merle's Treasure chest! As a matter of habit, I went in. When I saw the prices it suddenly dawned on me that there was very little to prevent me from owning one—as little as \$3.50, in fact. These are modern paper weights. The snowstorms are made in Czechoslovakia, but these, strangely enough, are not my loves. It is the others, made of solid crystal, with strange and vividly colored flowers and birds imprisoned in their depths, to which I lost my heart. The art of making these glass paper weights is practically a lost one, Major Hairs assures me. In fact, there are only two men in

the entire country who can do it. These two are the ancient remnants of a long line of Bohemian glassblowers. The process they use is identical with the one used 200 or 300 years ago, and the old ones are not a bit more desirable, unless you feel that age has hallowed them.

Once in a while it happens that you get back to the house late after a busy afternoon. You distribute the plunder from the brown paper bags, roll up your sleeves, and start in to function as efficiently as possible in the kitchen. But, no matter how good you are, a certain amount of time has to elapse before the food can be put on the table. In the meantime, it only seems right and propitious that your favorite lifter-upper should be quaffed, if only to help you get out of low gear and into high. In such cases, it is wise, say all authorities on the subject, to partake of a bit of a snack. But who, at such a time, wants to mess around with anything fancy? You might try a tin of smoked oysters. Spear one out of the can, pop it on a cracker, and—well, you can guess the rest. Your conscience should prove an easy guide because they're only 22 cents a tin at Nielsen's. It's an Epicurean experience that you'll be saying: "Thank you! Thank you, dear CYMBAL!" for, for the rest of your life!

La Ribera at noontime seems to be increasingly popular. There are several good reasons why, not counting the food, which is excellent. People seem to appreciate the

huge linen damask napkins, for one thing. Men like them because they are efficient and don't slide off on the floor. Women like them because in this age of toy tricks in napery there is a nostalgic delight in going back across the years to the dozens of damask dinner napkins that proudly helped to fill a Hope Chest. Solid citizens eat here, and there is dignity and restraint at 50 cents a plate.

If you're a lover of gadgets, particularly household gadgets, you'll like what I saw down in Holman's basement. It's a very nicely designed container for an abrasive cleanser. It's made of one of the new plastic materials that looks and feels like ivory. Definitely not the type of thing that you could get by sending away a couple of box tops and a dime. It costs a dollar, and that includes two extra re-fills. You can choose your color, too. Grand for the bathroom.

—MARJORIE WARREN

WE HOPE MRS. USIGLI ENJOYS OUR VILLAGE

The charming little girl who is entitled Mrs. Gastone Usigli got into town Wednesday morning and was beginning to lead a life of her own when we had, reluctantly, to get back to the office. Like any good American husband, Mr. Usigli had said to her, Now you can go to the movies; though not very seriously to be sure. But she had secret plans which may have had to do with

her own way of living, for she is a biochemist of parts, being a student of and co-worker with, Professor Wycoff. This conjugality of musician and biochemist seems faintly puzzling to Usigli, but we have been thinking it over and we feel that in the language of the spheres there is no such thing as division, but that a sort of arithmetical progression by which the biochemic content of

a group of minor sevenths... this is deep water. We climb out, shake ourselves and declare the hope that Mrs. Usigli will find our village as refreshing as we find her.

+

Deborah Tolman of Berkeley and Katherine Jones of Marblehead, Mass., were the guests of Sally Fry last week-end.

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J. Sebastian Bach Comes to Carmel

(Continued from Page One)
certain thinness of tone and a mechanical quality became apparent with time. Style is a rare thing.

The four-piano concerto in A minor was an interesting novelty. Anne Greene, Mary Walker, Adolph Teichert and Ralph Linsley played together well, though a little pedantically. At intervals a lack of sufficient rehearsal with the ensemble was noticeable.

Coloratura Alice Mock, in contrast, revealed her finished musicianship and artistry in her rendition of the solo cantata, *Jauchzet Gott in Allen Lenden*. It was a pure, correct, classical performance. THE MAGNIFICAT

On the second half of the program came the great choral cantata, *The Magnificat*. This noble monument of church music was done in a large and devout manner. There were passages in which the chorus transcended its natural limitations. It must be said here that the acoustics of the Auditorium are not altogether of concert caliber.

Outstanding among the soloists, Miss Victoria Anderson's eloquent contralto was especially pleasing. The sopranos, Viola Morris, Edith Anderson and Alice Mock, conveyed the spirit of the work. The

tenor, Andrew Sessink, did likewise, and although his voice carried a certain strained overtone, he interpreted Bach's dramatic lyricism with effect. Allan Watson's heavy bass was thoroughly assured and sonorous; it lacked variety, however.

On Sunday's concert the B minor Mass will be broadcast. We look forward to it with fearful expectation. The Mass is a summit of Bach's art. He reveals in it his breathtaking mastery of counterpoint, building melody against melody, all bound by law, all freed by spirit, all running into prodigious polyphonic climaxes—an enchanting warfare with angels, demons, and the elements, resulting not in chaos and anarchy, but harmony and a music most wonderful. SIMMONS

Homer Simmons on Tuesday evening played three toccatas, in D major, F sharp minor, and C minor. He treated a grateful audience to two encores, the *Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue*, and that most expressive of transcribed chorals, *Jesus, Joy of Man's Desire*.

Mr. Simmons played with style. Brilliant often, he lapsed at times into a somewhat distracting improvisatory manner. His tempo and rhythm seem to fluctuate arbitrarily. His Bach interpretation is curiously romantic and emotional—but always interesting.

Tuesday night's program opened with the sixth Brandenburg Concerto, played by an orchestra of eight strings and piano under Bernard Callery from the Sacramento Federal Music Project. Allan Watson sang the aria *Good Fellows, Be Merry from the Peasant Cantata*, and as an encore, the father's humorous litany from the *Coffee Cantata*.

TALENTED YOUNG ORGANIST

Attended by a rather small group in the simple setting of All Saints' Church, John McDonald Lyon's organ recital on Wednesday afternoon contributed to the Festival some of Bach's most characteristic music, his grand choral preludes and fugues, and fantasias. Mr. Lyon revealed in his perfect registration and control, his great technical skill; in his choice of selections, his scholarly musicianship; and in his interpretation, his high and genuine talent. We anticipate hearing him again on Friday afternoon.

FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA

We return to the Festival orchestra which is preparing to play the third Brandenburg Concerto under Sascha Jacobinoff's direction as THE CYMBAL is about to go to press. Dead-line limitations prevent our reviewing at this time the Thursday evening concert—one of the most interesting ones in the series. Doris Ballard and Francis Karon will play the double violin Concerto in D minor; Grace Thomas, the Flute and Piano Sonata in A minor, with Ralph Linsley; and Noel Sullivan will sing *Bist du bei mir* and *Mein Glaubiges Hertz*.

The orchestra is really appropriate. As we learned from Mr. Frankenstein's extremely interesting Wednesday morning talk at Pine Inn, the orchestras for which Bach himself composed were made up for the most part of household servants, students, and amateurs, with but few experienced professional musicians. Bach purposely scored simple passages for the erstwhile grooms and stable boys; he reserved the display of solo virtuosity for the highly skilled professionals.

A HUMBLE SUGGESTION

The young people recruited for this week's concerts are eager to play together more often, and playing together more often, they would develop their ensemble work, enrich

community culture, and with time become a truly important interpretive group. There are many fine soloists on the coast who would gladly participate.

When Ernst Bacon, that remarkable creative musician, initiated the series in 1935, he very likely thought of the Festival as a genesis rather than a consummation. This should be stressed. The Bethlehem Choir from infinitely smaller beginnings developed into a nationally acclaimed institution.

Carmel's setting so ideal, the audience so willing, the sponsors so generous, we anticipate not annual but seasonal festivals—a Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter Music Festival. And not only Bach, but Handel, too—a giant unjustly neglected. And not only a Handel, but also a Mozart, Haydn, and Sibelius Festival. This is a large order and there are many obstacles. But a generation ago, who thought of Bach in Carmel-by-the-Sea?

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THE MAGNIFICAT

By MYRA PALACHE

We are rarely fortunate in this year's Bach Festival that we hear two works, representative in utter completeness of Bach's supreme genius. The Magnificat is one of his most comprehensive works, for in it, at almost any point, his treatment of words, musical forms and instruments can be brilliantly demonstrated.

It is virtually a large cantata and contains a marvelous variety of music. In it we hear the triumphant voice of the church universal, rather than Mary's humility. Consequently the chorus is prominent, as in the B Minor Mass.

In the splendid article on Bach in the Encyclopaedia Britannica (if you have not already read it, try to do so before the Festival) Sir Donald Tovey ends his essay by saying of the Magnificat, "This great work, one of the most terse and profound things that Bach ever wrote, contains among many other subtle inspirations, one conception with which we may fitly end our survey, for it strongly suggests Bach himself and the destiny of all that work which he finished so lovingly and with no prospect of its becoming more than a family heirloom and a salutary tradition in his Leipzig choir-school."

+ + +

Book Shop Shows Rare Volumes

Down at the Village Book Shop there are some books well worth dropping in to see. Miss Edith Griffin, the owner of the shop, is having a special sale and exhibition of rare volumes and limited editions.

It is with a great deal of awe that we talk about the edition of "Two Years Before the Mast" by Richard Henry Dana, printed by the Grubhorn Press for Random House. The binding, the paper and the type make it an indescribably lovely piece of work. Also printed by Grubhorn for George Fields of San Francisco is "A Sojourn with Royalty and Other Sketches" by "Old Black" (Alonso Delano). The Ward Ritchie Press in Los Angeles has taken over the Primavera Press and is doing excellent work. They did "The Washoe Giant in San Francisco," collected sketches by Mark Twain, for George Fields.

The work of John Henry Nash is always beautiful. He has sold his private library to the University of Oregon and followed the books up there to be head of the library and press. Miss Griffin has been fortunate enough to get hold of a number of his fine editions. Every Nash we picked up made us say "now this is the most beautiful" but we finally chose "The Life of St. Francis of Assisi" by Saint Bonaventura. Other fine ones are "Portsmouth Plaza" by Catherine Coffin Phillips, Bret Hart's "The Heathen Chinese," "San Francisco in the Seventies," the city as viewed by a Mexican political exile, Guillermo Prieto, and "Cornelius Cole, California Pioneer and United States Senator" by Catherine Coffin Phillips.

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Cymbal Is Praised In Trade Journal

The Pacific Printer and Publisher, one of considerable worth among that large group of so-called "trade" magazines which the lay public never sees, pays a unique compliment to THE CYMBAL in its July issue. It prints a half-page plate of seven advertisements which have appeared recently in THE CYMBAL—those of the American Legion Fashion Show, Del Monte Bali Room, Jane's Cake Shop, Severns' Radio, Terry Ogden, Camera Portraitist, and Helen Vye, Gowns—and says of them and of us the following kind words:

"These advertisements are shown as being our idea of good typography. It is modern and simple and gives a pleasant first impression of interest and attractiveness. This is the first time that what might be termed a small town newspaper has broken into the specimen columns of this publication; these advertisements are from THE CARMEL CYMBAL. This particular newspaper has a real individuality; it is different both in its typographical appearance and in its editorial con-

tent. Its background is also different; the town of Carmel is a community of artists and writers, craftsmen and intellectuals, all of whom live their lives with less than the ordinary conventional observances and whose individuality shows even in the unique design of the houses, the quaint little shops and studios. So that the town newspaper must needs be different, a requirement that is excellently filled by the CYMBAL."

Filmarte

CARMEL - MONTE VERDE RT EIGHTH - PHONE 691

ENDS TODAY

"DIVORCE OF LADY X"

MERLE OBERON
LAWRENCE OLIVIER

SAT • SUN

ANN HARDING
BASIL RATHBONE

"LOVE FROM A STRANGER"

See this picture ONCE...
and you'll think TWICE...
before falling in LOVE!

MON • TUES

NOEL COWARD

"THE SCOUNDREL"

The World's most
unusual picture!

WED • THURS

She's "The Rage
of Paris"

DANIELLE
DARRIEUX

"CLUB DES FEMMES"

For Adults Only
French Film

Even 7-9 • Mat, Sat, Sun, Wed 2:30



Carmel
Hospitality

CARMEL INN

At Home In A
Friendly Atmosphere
Rates from \$2

San Carlos at Eighth • Phone 691

FOREST LODGE

IN CARMEL WOODS
Rates \$5 Up

Luncheon and Dinners by Reservation • Telephone Carmel 380

Monte Verde Apts.

Newly Remodeled
Ocean view. Large, comfortable
rooms and apartments.
Very attractive rates
Monte Verde near Ocean • Tel. 71

Pine Inn Telephone 600

RATES
Europeans: Single \$3.00 to \$5.00
Double 3.50 to 6.00
Americans: Single 5.00 to 6.00
Double 8.00 to 11.00



Real
Southern
Cooking

Lunch & Dinner
by Appointment

Telephone
Carmel
9-R-2

RANCHO CARMELO
15 Miles Up Carmel Valley
Address: Monterey Post Office

7th & Lincoln • Tel. Carmel 800

Hotel La Ribera and Dining Room

"Home of Hospitality"

European Plan • Rates from \$3

DEL MONTE DOG SHOW

This Sunday, July 24

in the Hotel Del Monte
Grounds

Largest Outdoor Dog Show
in the West

For those attending the dog show
there will be a cafeteria operated
on the grounds at popular prices.
There will also be the regular lunch-
eon around the Roman Plunge for
\$1.50 each.

General Admission to Dog Show
Fifty-five cents including tax

Just in Case...

YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco.

Carmel has an estimated population of 3000. Area, 425 acres or 3/5 of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1282. Business licenses, 274.

Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 200; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel, is therefore, 1450.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100.

Total population of Carmel district, 3750.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Five members of the city council who, with their designated commissions, are: Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Herbert Heron.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Frederick R. Becholdt.

Commissioner of Streets—Clara Kellogg.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Everett Smith.

The above get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidet Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—William L. Hudson.

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 1003.

Building Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Tax Collector—Thomas J. Helling. Telephone 376.

Police Department—Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Earl Wermuth, Roy Frates, Douglas Rogers. Telephone 131.

Fire Department—Chief Robert Leidig. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. New fire house, on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets, recently completed with aid of WPA. Telephone 100.

Park and Playground Commission—Corum Jackson, chairman.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean and Seventh avenues, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of \$3 a year is made to transient residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning property inside it. A deposit of \$3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of the library.

The library board of trustees meets every second Tuesday of the month at 10:30 a.m. The meeting is open to the public.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

CARMEL ART INSTITUTE

Seven Arts Building. Classes in all arts and crafts. Kit Whitman, director. Tel. 1222.

ART GALLERIES

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day or mornings and evenings by appointment. Call 327. Mrs. Clay Otto, curator.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. The Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 750. Regular masses Sunday, 7, 9 and 11 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sunday, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints' Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block

south of Ocean avenue. The Rev. Carol J. Hulsewé, rector. Telephone 230. Services: Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. Rev. Wilber W. McKee, D.D., pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ, Scientist—East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m. Reading room, south side of Ocean avenue between Lincoln and Monte Verde. Open daily from 11 to 5 and evenings (except Sunday and Wednesday) from 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5 o'clock.

THEATERS

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees every day during summer. Telephone 282.

Filmarte Theater. West side of Monte Verde street between Eighth and Ninth avenues. Richard Bare, manager. Exceptional films shown regardless of age or origin. Evening performances 7 and 9 o'clock; matinees Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday at 2:30 p.m. Telephone 403.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city in park and playground area. Mountain View avenue, three blocks south of Ocean avenue.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m. Sundays and holidays, 6:45 a.m. only.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 a.m.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean and Seventh avenues. Telephone 630 or Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 312.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean and Seventh avenues. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Dolores and Seventh avenue. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library, and Sixth and Dolores. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service. Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. South-east corner of Sixth and Dolores. Telephone 15. Leave for Monterey, A.M.: 8:10, 9:15 and 11:45. P.M.: 12:45, 2:30, 3:45, 5:30 and 6:30. Leave Monterey for Carmel, A.M.: 9:00, 11:20. P.M.: 12:20, 1:30, 3:15, 4:30, 5:45 and 7:00.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. North-bound train direct to San Francisco, 8:40 a.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connection at Salinas, 2:50 p.m. South-bound, direct pullman to Los Angeles, 8:27 p.m. South-bound, by bus to Salinas, connecting with Daylight Limited, 9:39 a.m. Arrivals from North, 11:12 a.m., 12:30 p.m. and 11:40 p.m. Arrivals from South, 7:40 a.m., 4:23 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Pacific street in Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone Monterey 5887. Carmel information office, north-west corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey. North-bound, A.M.: 7:50, 9:35. P.M.: 1:05, 2:45, 4:20, 6:45. South-bound, A.M.: 9:00, 10:55. P.M.: 6:45, 10:10.

Players To Try To Solve Difficulties

(Continued from Page One) month and 50 per cent of the net proceeds from each play.

McCarthy has been receiving \$120 a month from the Players.

Attitude of the many of those who have been in the casts of recent plays, without remuneration and without thought of any, was expressed at the meeting last Sunday by Dr. Lawrence Knox, who played in "Stage Door" and "You Can't Take It With You," the current attraction. He said:

"I cannot see playing again in 'You Can't Take It With You' when I know that the director is to receive nothing from these proposed two repeat performances and Townsend, managing director, is to get 50 per cent of the net."

Applause and comments from many of the cast members present indicated a similar feeling on their part.

At Sunday's meeting a detailed and comprehensive statement of the economic affairs of the Carmel Players, and the incidents surrounding the differences between Townsend and McCarthy, was presented by Charles Van Riper, member of the board of directors. He declared that there was nothing the present board could do. He said that it had faith in Townsend, felt that he had done admirable work and was responsible for the healthy economic condition of the organization. On the other hand, he said, the directors all were enthusiastic supporters of Chick McCarthy and considered him responsible for the success of the plays.

"However," he said, "McCarthy has resigned and refuses to reconsider his resignation. There is nothing we can do but accept it. We cannot and will not remove Frank Townsend because we see no reason to do so."

Van Riper explained that while Townsend had given his managerial services to the Players without remuneration for the first few months, in May he asked for \$150 a month salary.

"Our financial return made it impossible for us to pay this straight salary and we proposed that the managing director take a salary of \$100 a month and 50 per cent of what net he could create," Van Riper said. "This Frank accepted. But in June he made very little on this 50 per cent of the net—there wasn't much net. In 'You Can't Take It With You' his return was good, but it was he who handled the ballyhoo that filled the houses."

In a statement at the meeting, McCarthy gave every credit to Townsend for his successful administration of the Players' affairs, but said that it was impossible for the two to work together. He charged the business manager with attempting to interfere in the production side, demanding that he (McCarthy) report all expenditures to him, although the play-director had been given a budget and kept within it, and bitterly objecting to McCarthy conferring with members of the board of directors without first consulting with him.

Townsend made no denial of the specific charges made by McCarthy but offered to work with him in the future to the best of his ability. McCarthy said that this was impossible.

Van Riper said that the board had made every effort to iron out the differences and was even then planning for rules that would establish a definite line of demarcation between the duties and authority of the managing director and

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Eight cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Thirty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, twenty cents. Count six four-letter words per line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

EXCLUSIVE LISTING of an unusual four bedroom and four bath home on choice corner, 117 x 100 feet. Charming patio and garden. For \$16,000. BOSTICK & WOOD. Corner San Carlos and Ocean Avenue. (4)

HOME BUILT on two corner lots. Three bedrooms. Two sun decks. Double garage. Beautiful garden. Fireplace. Grounds enclosed by rock fence. Price \$8500. NEWELL & STRAITH. At Eighth and Dolores. Telephone 303. (5)

ATTRACTIVE TWO BEDROOM redwood cottage. Nicely furnished. In the woods. Two lots. \$3500. Phone 586. (6)

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

MONTE VERDE APARTMENTS. Newly remodeled. Ocean view. Large, comfortable rooms and apartments. Attractive rates. Monte Verde near Ocean. Tel. 71. (4)

JOBS WANTED

AFTERNOON OR EVENING employment. Companion, reader, secretary, driver of own car, cooking. Box L-30. Cymbal Office. (6)

COLORED GIRL wants work as maid or cook, all or part time. References. Address May, P.O. Box 1086, Carmel. (5)

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Brown riding jacket. Gloves in pocket. On highway near Carmel. Call Cymbal Office. (4)

REPAIR—REBUILD

MATTRESSES, box springs and day-ports re-made or repaired. We specialize on inner-spring mattresses. Monterey Mattress Shop. Tel. 3785. P.O. Box 568. (4)

LEGAL NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, In and For the County of Monterey

No. 4890
NOTICE TO CREDITORS
IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF THOMAS VINCENT CATOR, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Vincent Cator, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers in the office of the Clerk of the above entitled Court at Salinas or to present them with the necessary vouchers to the said Administrator at the law office of Shelburn Robison, Tower Room, New Post Office Building, Carmel-by-the-Sea, in the County of Monterey, State of California, within six months after the first publication of this Notice.

Dated: July 20, 1938.

MONTEREY COUNTY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
by T. P. Joy, Trust Officer
Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Vincent Cator, Deceased

ARGYLL CAMPBELL AND
SHELburn ROBISON
Attorneys for said Administrator
Date of 1st pub: July 22, 1938
Date of last pub: August 19, 1938

For one dollar we'll deliver The Cymbal to you by mail anywhere in the far-flung domain of the United States for a whole year. For Two Dollars we'll send it to Caschodol-Riviera.

Cymbal classified ads cost 30 cents a line a month. A three-line ad costs 90 cents a month. And it goes places, is seen by people and does things.

The Cymbal never "rides the fence" on issues vital to Carmel. It takes a definite stand and battles through.

KARL'S GRAND OPENING

SATURDAY • JULY 23

Introducing to the Peninsula
Karl's Kustom-Made Shoes
For the Entire Family

FREE • For Opening Day Only • FREE

A pair of Full-Fashioned Hosiery
with every pair of
Women's Shoes
\$1.54 or up

A pair of Dress Sox with every
pair of Men's Shoes

TREMENDOUS SAVINGS FOR EVERY
MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

Karl's Shoe Store
432 Alvarado Street

Virginia Dutcher Was in Kobe Flood; Writes Vivid Letter About It

Miss Virginia Dutcher of Santa Monica, who is art teacher in the Monterey Union High School and lives in Carmel during the school year, has written to us the following account of her exciting experience in the disastrous Kobe flood:

Dear Folks:

This will be the most interesting letter I ever hope to write. The experience we have just been through is one I'll never forget so long as I live. I'm lucky to be able to have gone through it and be back here on ship with no more damage other than sore feet, minus a pair of shoes and my brown suit covered with mud.

Well, here it is: Four of us had planned the overland trip from Yokohama to Kobe about 300 or 400 miles by train. We wanted to shop and really see something. We did. When we left the ship we were told we couldn't get there by train or auto as all roads were out. At the Japanese Tourist Bureau they said train service had been restored so the four of us took the afternoon express train for Kyoto. We arrived about 9 p.m. The country was like a big swamp all the way and lots of rain. At Kyoto we took a taxi (four of us—Mr. and Mrs. Finch, Stewart Davis and myself) to a Japanese inn. It was on a big river and our upstairs room overlooked a rushing yellow torrent. It rained all the time we were there. We had no suitcases, but had done considerable shopping so we were loaded down with bundles. We decided about 2 p.m. the next day to catch a train for Kobe as we had a Japanese dinner date with other passengers and were to meet them at a famous place in Kobe at 6:30.

As usual few people could understand English and then only with motions. We caught a train about 5 p.m. for Osaka, none going to Kobe. Osaka is about 20 miles from Kobe. We saw plenty of water, many bridges out and a mass of humanity on foot—those high wooden shoes clapping in the slush, such yellow slush! We got off at Osaka (5 p.m.) and got a taxi. Everyone seemed to be in the streets—and such slush! The taxi drove us miles. We said Tourist Bureau, then Kobe. The driver acted funny but kept going. We sat in wonder as to where we were going. More and more people. Women with children slung on their backs, men on bicycles, pushcarts, lean horses—all moving or watching the rivers—all the same raging yellow water. Bridges out, some half out. We were on the main highway, we knew. Finally we knew something was wrong. We were stopped, the water and slush was deeper. We got out. We saw large trucks going through, so hopped on one. Four whites and about 40 Japs, Kay and I the only women. The truck could ford the worst places. Then all out and again on foot. Rocks, piles of dirt, trees and wires all down. Stores and houses buried, cars turned over or crushed. My shoes covered but

my hat still on. No sun, but no rain, which was one piece of luck for us. We dripped from the heat and nervous tension we were under.

People, children all moving. No attempt to stop or to aid us or clear debris away. Clouds gathered overhead, but it was still light. The second truck carried us another mile, then all out. That truck all but tipped over. Here there were boulders of huge size blocking the road, the water had gone down a bit, but places were pretty bad. No turning back now—we were only 8 miles from Kobe and no way to catch the ship but to go forward. Mud and water up to our knees. We didn't care about our clothes by now. The men put all our bundles in a raincoat, strapped it with their belts, put a pole through and carried it on their shoulders. I had my hat on my head, a large purse in one hand and a kodak and coat in the other. It was getting darker, we had no lights and electricity was off. We came to a large office, telegraph or post office, I don't know which. With pictures and signs we learned the bridge ahead was out—no way across the large river except change our course to the railroad tracks and walk the trestle. Japanese lanterns appeared (candles), flashlights here and there. Tie by tie we walked across the worst place of all. I have no idea how far across, but it was a nervous passage. I was wringing wet. Across at last. Buildings gone, trees buried, and still the mass of homeless humanity moving on. It was nearly dark but we stayed on the tracks until finally, lights and a station. We hopped a train packed like sardines and rode about ten minutes. We had been told to get off at that station and take a taxi to the Dollar Line docks for our ship. We got off relieved—but not for long. The train here was elevated and we had to go down to the station proper and the street. Weary, mud-covered and hungry we found the station flooded and water rushing. I mean rushing, through to the street. No formalities about tickets which are collected when you get off. The current was so strong in one direction that we decided to try the other. No assistance—everyone too busy to help. No idea where the dock was. We turned left and plowed through, actually on 5 feet of sand

level across. Cars buried completely. Shops covered. Luck again was with us. A Japanese man heard our questions and came to our aid. We reversed and followed him. We had to cross the worst part on foot just barely able to stand up and seesawing back and forth. This stream was from the main reservoir which had broken and went through the station and down the main street of Kobe. Indian file. Water was above our knees. My skirt pulled up but soaking, my shoes were on but nothing mattered now so close, yet so far. It was 9 p.m. There were lights, but no people here. It got too bad so we detoured up a dimly lit stony Japanese alley. People with shovels and buckets sloshing and sweeping. Children crying, no radio, no gaiety. We climbed over piles of debris, stepped in holes 2 feet deep, hung on to trees but kept going. No one now, just the four of us following a kindly guide. All reservoirs were out, all sewers were out, sirens blowing and the odor was awful. Finally we saw the pier. One last bad spot. Floating jammed debris we had to climb over not being a bit sure of our footing—some solid, some floating. At last our feet on dock. Sore feet. I threw away my shoes and walked half barefoot. The rest was mostly thick slippery mud. In stocking feet it was an effort to remain vertical. One pier after another—one more corner was all I could turn—it was the right one. There, like a palace to us, was the good ship, *President Cleveland*. There wasn't a person around. It was 10:30 p.m. just as we went up the gangplank. Mud from the waist down, toes sticking out. Were they relieved on board to see us! Questions... questions—but all I wanted was a tall glass of water, some food and

a good hot shower, then to bed. No one had been allowed off the ship—no one could come to the docks. All unloading was done on barges.

My brown suit was a wreck, my feet were sore and I was awfully tired, but I was aboard and once again out to sea, Manila Sunday. I'm damn lucky to be here to tell the tale. Bring on typhoons or earthquakes. I can take anything now. I've seen all I want and gone through it. An experience of a lifetime I wouldn't have missed.

This is as true and accurate as I can express it in words.

—VIRGINIA DUTCHER
+ + +

To those of the Monterey Peninsula who never fail to get a new thrill out of each curving view on the Carmel-Pacific Grove highway there's something more there now. Mr. and Mrs. James D. Bishop have

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